Mateo's Return to Avalor, Naomi's Lingering Fears, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission to Hell

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/84073786.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M
Fandoms:	Elena of Avalor (Cartoon), Helluva Boss (Web Series), Hazbin Hotel (Cartoon)
Relationships:	Elena Castillo Flores/Naomi Turner, Mateo de Alva & Naomi Turner, Millie/Moxxie (Helluva Boss), Charlie Magne | Morningstar/Vaggi | Vaggie
Characters:	Mateo de Alva, Naomi Turner, Elena Castillo Flores, Virtuoso Caballero (Original Character), Cobarde Tímido (Original Character), Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Loona (Helluva Boss), Moxxie (Helluva Boss), Millie (Helluva Boss), Blitzo (Helluva Boss), Vaggi | Vaggie (Hazbin Hotel), Charlie Magne | Morningstar
Additional Tags:	Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Crossover, Male-Female Friendship, Sadness, Same-Sex Marriage, Family Dynamics, Libraries, Tentacles, Demons, Mentioned Alva Gunderson, Power Dynamics, Power harassment, Magic, Original Character(s), Submissive Character, Original Character Death(s), Explosions, Blood and Violence, Assassins & Hitmen, Humans in Hell (Hazbin Hotel), Hell, Guns, Exhaustion, Carrying, My First Hazbin Hotel Fanfic, Discrimination, Jealousy, Crying, Hurt/Comfort, Mentioned Reagan Riley, Cognito Inc. (Inside Job 2021), inside job references, LGBTQ Themes, Canon LGBTQ Character, Canon Queer Relationship, I.M.P | Immediate Murder Professionals (Helluva Boss), Murder, Minor Blitzo/Stolas Goetia, comments welcome, Constructive Criticism Welcome, Wordcount: 1.000-5.000, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Mentioned Isabel Flores
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of The Avaloran Chronicles
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-16 Words: 4,526 Chapters: 1/1

Mateo's Return to Avalor, Naomi's Lingering Fears, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission to Hell

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Mateo never thought he'd be at Naomi's side, comforting her after "the loss" of her wife (Elena), while her friend (and Elena's younger sister), Isa, remained unconscious. Naomi is sobbing, unsure what to do with herself. Meanwhile, Elena is determined to find the Immediate Murder Professionals, hoping to stop them before they carry out their assassination of Alva Gunderson, which she ordered in a state of anger at the destruction of Avalor. This queen travels through a treacherous land known as Hell. Can she stop the murder before it is too late? Or will something else stop her in her tracks before she can complete her objective? You'll have to read to find out...

Notes

Hey all! Its been over 1600 days since part 5 came out and over 500 days since I last updated/improved parts 2 and 4 on here, by dividing them into chapters. A lot has happened since part five was published, like a master's degree in December of that year (2019), a new job in March of the next year (2020), a new place to live in February 2023, and being laid off from that job last year. That's only the beginning. I wish I had picked this up sooner, but here we are! Sadly, in mid-June of last year, when I was updating another series, I lost much of the text (over 1000 words) by accident when updating another series, so I had to start almost completely over. I would highly recommend you read parts 1-5 (but particularly part 5) before this fic, just to get familiar with what is going on here.

The first draft was added on here on May 1st, coming in at 3,825 words, which is 778 words less than part five (4,603 words). In my original draft, on my computer, I listed Disenchantment as one of the fandoms, plus possibly adding in certain characters (Migs, Professor Diamante [Original Character], Gabe Nunez, Arch-Druidess, Adora, Catra, Francisco, and Luisa), certain relationships (Adora/Catra, Kitty/Zarya, Luisa/Francisco) and certain familial connections (Elena & Isa, Luisa & Elena, and Francisco & Elena). I eschewed all of those those, as they did not work with this part. However, if I have space, I'd love to include some, or all, of those, characters and relationships in the next part of this series. I have no idea when the next part will be out, but I'm hoping I can finish this series this year if at all possible.

Otherwise, this fic is roughly set before Vaggie changes her name to Vaggi, as shown in the most recent season of Hazbin Hotel. On May 15, 2026, I made the final round of edits to this story, including revising the title to the current wording, replacing the previous title ("Mateo's

Return, Naomi's Fear, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission to Hell") and making the entire text 4,436 words long. I further cross-posted this fic on Quotev and Wattpad that day. Today I read the entire story out loud and made various changes, leading to the final word count of 4,526.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World. It was also cross-posted on Quotev (the chapter is entitled "Hell's Dangers and Elena's Dangerous Mission"), since all the existing parts are crossposted there already, specifically part 1, part 2, part 3, part 4, and part 5, garnering over 300 reads! In addition, it was cross-posted on Wattpad (where it is entitled "Mateo's Return, Naomi's Fear, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission"), where parts 1-5 can currently be read. It garnered 150 views/reads (mostly on parts 1 and 2) there.

I hope you all enjoy this fic. As always, comments, and constructive criticism, are welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Some days are less hellish than others by PerduDansLespace
- Inspired by Reagan's Revenge Scheme and the Assassins from Hell by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Revenge of a Reagan: Carmen, I.M.P., and the Glowing Hands Girl by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Reagan's Bold Move, Cognito's Kidnapping Plot, and Kim's Folly by lefemmerouge2

Mateo walked through the Royal Palace. At long last, he finally tracked down where Naomi's voice was coming from. He never thought that he'd be coming back from a mountain sanctuary, where sages had given him necessary advice and counsel, so soon. She was sitting beside Isa's bed and bawling her eyes out. After her wife had left her a note, describing her plan to travel to Hell, she had become completely despondent. She couldn't be rational, calculating, emotionless, or cold, becoming what some thought was a "strong leader." Instead, her emotions had overtaken her in so many ways. She wasn't sure what to do with herself.

"Naomi, are you okay?" Mateo asked, with a tone of concern. She continued crying inconsolably. So much had gone wrong and it had happened so fast. She couldn't hold it in anymore. Mateo hugged her closely. She reciprocated. Having him there was important. They stayed like this for a while. Some time later, after she had calmed down, they went to the quietest place they both knew: the royal library. There they could talk in peace without anyone bothering them.

On their way there, Naomi told him everything that had happened since he had been gone. As they began lounging in the library, Mateo tried to make sure he got everything correct. He laid out what he had heard. "So, a massive fleet of steam-powered ships attacked Avalor City, Elena ordered the killing of an 'enemy' leader, Isa *almost* ended her life, and Elena went to another dimension called 'Hell' so she could stop the assassination before it occurred?"

Naomi nodded. He had it just about right. Even so, there were some parts he was missing from his recollection. She teased him about it. "You have it right, Mateo. There was something you didn't mention: an eight-foot-tall warrior woman and her catgirl, I mean cat-woman, girlfriend. There was also some sky pirate and her magical girlfriend, plus a bunch of nearby nations helped us out when Avalor was under attack. It was a lot."

Sighing and doing her best to keep her composure, Naomi looked almost forlorn. She sort of told him the reason her wife was in Hell without saying it directly. He figured out by reading between the lines. He had gotten good at that. "Elena took it real hard when the city burned. She *was pissed* and... in a moment of weakness she called up Zuzo to murder this guy named Alva."

Tears started streaming down her face once again. Mateo tried to provide as much support as he could. She was so scared that she would never see the *love of her life* ever again. She was afraid she might be gone forever. These fears continued to fill her mind. "Mateo, I miss her *godammit*. It hurts so much. Why did *she* have to be the one to leave? Why is she *always* the one who sacrifices? It isn't right."

Mateo continued sipping his tea. He did his best to tell her it would be okay. Not everything would fall apart. That was just negative thinking. "Naomi, it's fine."

She laughed. It had been different back then. She hadn't thought about that for a long time. It had been so many years. She started to reminisce, thinking back to what it was like in the past, almost as a way of coping with what was going on. "I can remember it like it was

yesterday. All that time ago it was simpler. We weren't married, running a kingdom, or anything like that...*sometimes* I almost wish I could go back to that."

Before Mateo could get in another word edgewise, she added, "then I remember everything it took to get here, to get to this moment in time. And I have to treasure that." She paused. "I just...wish we could just be happy together without all this hurt. *Why* can't we have that? Don't we deserve it, after everything we've been through?" A smile went across her face, even as a tear dripped down her cheek. Mateo wouldn't let this stand.

He couldn't let his friend be like this. It wouldn't be right. He tried to reassure her the best he could and put her at ease, while not downplaying her worries. He wanted to make it clear, to her, that she was being heard and that she wasn't being ignored. That was important. "I'll *find a way* to bring your wife back to the land of the living. After all, I'm still the damn Royal Wizard of Avalor."

Naomi was grateful to have a friend like him. She was so glad to have someone who supported her through thick and thin. This was one of those times. She softly replied. She was very gracious.. "Thanks so much Mateo, for saying that. It means a lot." Perhaps he *could* get her back. He would, as would Naomi, go through anything to return Elena to Avalor. They both were so dedicated to those they cared about.

Deep below the Earth's crust was another dimension, the dimension of Hell. Elena snuck around. She wore a cloak she had found on the ground. She could never let *anyone* know she was human. If they did, it could be a complete disaster. Zuzo had cast an enchantment on her to help. However, that was no guarantee that the demons couldn't see through it. As she walked through the streets, she overheard some loud arguing between a demon boss, Virtuoso Caballero, and his employee who was aptly named Cobarde Tímido. The first of them was anything but virtuous. In contrast, the second was clearly a timid coward. That wasn't a unique characteristic. Many demons in Hell were like that.

"You know we don't let *their kind* in here," Virtuoso, a head of a local club, said. Cobarde could say nothing in his defense. He only tried to talk him down, so the situation didn't get out of control. "I would never insult you sir. I have every right to have my own viewpoints. I'm not going to automatically agree with everything you say." Virtuoso growled back at him. He looked him straight in the eye, then shouted in his face. "If you are going to be such a damn stuck up, then just quit. Never look back." He then directly threatened him by whispering into the demon's ear, "a lot of motherfuckers are mean. I'm only trying to be *fair*. Get a hold of your fucking self! Stop being a sensitive little baby. I can't stand it."

The other demon bowed his head in deference. "I'm so sorry sir, I didn't mean to say anything mean. I'm not putting you down...or anything...I just…" He didn't even finish his sentence before running away in utter terror. As she walked past Cobarde after overhearing this argument, the boss demon pulled on her cloak. He came close and tried to get her to be quiet, so she wouldn't say anything. "Lady, you didn't see *anything*."

Elena became so angry that she started to pull out her scepter. The arrival of Alastor, the feared Radio Demon, stopped her. He walked toward Virtuoso who recoiled in fear, and removed his hand from her cloak. Now that she was free, she could finally get out of this

awful situation. As she started walking away, out of the corner of her eye she could still see what was going on. She did this just to make sure she didn't get caught up in something. "It's so nice to see you again, Virtuoso. Is your club is doing well? I hope there's no problems that...need taking care of, are there?" Shaking in fright, he tried to hold his own the best he could. He stuttered. "It's great, mister."

Alastor cackled. He shook his head. He had enough allies that he knew exactly what was going on. He was aware that this club owner was a complete and utter scumbag. "I've heard that you don't serve certain demons in your establishment. Is that true?" He began sweating. How in the world would he know about this? He tried to plead ignorance. "No, of course not...I…" Alastor continued his line of attack. He wouldn't put up with this. "Oh, Virtuoso, if that were only true. I have testimonials from many demons who said they were denied to your club. You are such a small-minded, pathetic demon." As the demon boss got more furious, he couldn't stop himself from yelling back.

"You are being a fucking jerk, Alastor. Move on. Let me do my own things on my own turf." Alastor could not believe what he was hearing. Tsk-tsk-tsk. He blared out, as loud as he could, "You are wasting *my* fucking energy and time." He transformed himself, creating a set of tentacles behind him. This terrified the demon boss even more. He thought his life was going to come to an end right there and then.

He tried to run away. He failed. A tentacle caught his leg. He was thrown inside his club, with his body smashing the roof, then the ceiling. He soon laid on the ground, with bruises all over. He groaned. It was about to get much worse for him. At that very moment, Sir Pontious accidentally fired a missile at the club from his ship, causing it to explode. No one was directly killed, but almost all the demons inside were critically injured, including Virtuoso.

As the turf war continued, Elena attempted to flee. Alastor firmly grabbed her arm, stopping her. He pulled her closer. "Where do you think you are going, *Lady*?" Not wanting any more trouble, she simply said, while shaking all over, and fearing him as much as the local boss, "I-I-I'm...looking for I.M.P. You know, Immediate Murder Professionals." Alastor gave her directions as he acted like he knew better than she did. As she left, she only told him, "thank you kind sir." She had to get out of here and *fast*. If she didn’t, she might be killed by a bomb, gun, or something. On her way to the office of these notorious assassins, she stepped over demon bodies lying in the street and walked around pools of blood.

She kept thinking about how their actions weren't helping. She found it utterly horrifying and revolting. She was frustrated. She felt like she couldn't do anything. Some might say that Hell was going through a "complicated situation" and that she could never understand it because she was an "outsider." She felt sorry that she couldn't stand up for them. She wanted to talk with some of them privately, hoping to learn more about what was actually going on. However, she thought that outsiders like her might be ignored, that they'd refuse to even listen to her. Maybe they were afraid and had accepted their perilous situation. It was hard to know.

At long last, she had made her way to the building Alastor had her about. It was clearly run-down and in bad shape. She had no idea how anyone could work in such conditions. Perhaps

they couldn't afford a better place. After entering the building, then climbing the stairs, she found it. She knocked carefully. She heard huffing and grumbling on the other side. Without hearing a response, she tentatively opened the door and went inside. She saw a receptionist: an irritable hellhound named Loona. She cared little about what was going on. More often than not, she acted apathetic or rude to her fellow colleagues. She tended to struggle with starting friendships with other demons.

"Sir, we can't do that, we're on thin ice as it is with *them*," one demon emphatically remarked. The other moved his hand so strongly and forcefully that the entire table shook. "We have to do this, Moxxie. We *can't* turn this job down." He attempted to calm down his boss, while he was internally fuming. Another demon clasped his hand. She did her best to temper his hostility. "Sweetie, it's okay. Don't worry about him. We can all do this *together*." As they had a nice moment together, Blitzo rolled his eyes. He *hated* people publicly showing their affection, even though he continued to have a complex relationship with the prince of hell, the one and only Stolas.

"You all can have your damn love fest on your own damn time...did any of you not see this lady who is standing in our office? You know the lady with a cloak on, who is hiding herself?" She smiled weakly. He angrily snarled and pulled out his gun. Moxxie and Millie did the same. Their weapons were all pointing at her. She lowered her hood, then threw up her hands. They still had no idea why she had come there or how in the world she had even gotten in. They turned to Loona. They were clearly about to blame her. Realizing they were staring, she groused. "Ugh, come on! I'm not gonna apologize for anything. You all are the ones at fault for not noticing her."

With their guns still drawn, Blitzo came closer. He demanded answers. "*Who the fuck* are you and why are you here? Answer me!" he angrily hollered. She nervously laughed. With this demon so close and her life on the line, she had to choose her words carefully. Breathing deeply. She decided to go for it. "I-I-I'd like you to rescind the job offer from the spirit guide Zuzo to kill Alva Gunderson of Steamland. It was mistakenly given under duress. I'd like him *to live*."

Blitzo laughed. Moxxie and Millie looked at each other nervously. They weren't sure what they could tell her. They lowered their guns. She surely wasn't a threat, at least not to any of them. Elena had a bad feeling about this. Something didn't seem right. "He's dead," Moxxie said, almost matter-of-factly. The reddish-skinned demon, Millie, almost boasted about it. "I shot him right in his *stupid fucking head*. I even got to use a sniper rifle, for the first time!"

Mox rubbed her on the head. "Yes, you did good, you *cute* angel of death," he whispered in her ear. Clearly at a loss, she tried to desperately plea. Maybe she could still fix this, somehow. She had to do it, for herself, for her wife, and lastly for Avalor. She didn't want pull them into this mess. She had no idea what they thought of her. She *hoped*, on her heart of hearts, that they would be sympathetic.

"Is there way...you could bring him back? I mean, he just ends up here, right?" This wasn't a thing they liked to talk about. Loona had been listening to the conversation. She had decided she wasn't going to join because she didn’t care. She decided to tell off Elena. She flippantly replied to her. "We *can't* bring back the dead, honey. It just isn't possible." She tried one more

time. After that, she'd give up. It would be over. She wasn't someone who gave up, not this easily.

"Isn't there *somewhere* I can go, someone I can go to...you know...and bring him back?" The demons shook their heads. Millie stepped forward, trying to be understanding. "I'm sorry, lady. *I wish* there was more we could do." Feeling defeated and dejected, she began to leave. She wasn't sure what to do with herself. She had a loving wife, friends, and everything else *back on the surface*. She had none of that here. Perhaps coming to Hell had been *a big mistake*.

She was furious at herself for being caught up in the moment and declaring to Zuzo that she wanted Alva dead. She wasn't sure how in the world she could ever make peace with it. Without a doubt, this was totally different than what she did to Shuriki. The murder of Alva had her at a loss. Her hopes at had been dashed but she wouldn't give up. That wasn't who she was.

"Thanks for listening. I'll be on my way," she said, as her expression looked dour. Millie felt *really bad* for her, but Moxxie held her back. There wasn't anything they could do for her. Even Loona was starting to feel something for her, but shook her head. This didn't seem right. Was there something wrong with her? As Elena walked out of the office and down the stairs, Blitzo got back to business. The day went on, as it always did for the Immediate Murder Professionals.

They began cleaning their weapons, whether sniper rifles or bazookas. Each weapon was best suited for a specific demon, as some had more experience with certain weapons. Out of nowhere, they got a curious call. Loona answered the phone. She was grumpy and annoyed, especially with what had happened. She wanted to coast the rest of the day. She really wished that no one would call at all. So having this call, at this time, really pissed her off, more than anything.

In a surly tone, she said, "What do you want?" The woman on the other side was none other than Reagan Ridley, who now headed the shadowy government organization, Cognito. She had a job for them. Loona was skeptical. Handing the phone over the Blitzo, she told him, "it's that *damn* Cognito girl again." They were in for another wild ride from this controlling woman. Blitzo *wished* they didn't have to deal with her, but they had no choice. They had bills to pay.

Meanwhile, on the streets of Hell, outside the building which contained I.M.P. headquarters, one woman was completely despondent. That woman was Elena. How could this be going so wrong? She wished she could have been held closely by her lovely wife, rather than walking around this clearly awful place. As she made her way through the streets, she came across someone who, as they ran away in terror, bumped into her. She almost let it slide until the demon touched her scepter by accident.

"Hey, what the fuck you are doing?" Elena demanded. The demon turned around and growled, with its tail going back and forth, showing its very annoyed mood. "I'm so sorry lady, I'm just trying to run away so I don't *fucking* die. Get over yourself, lady. Everything isn't about you." Elena rolled her eyes. Her emotions got to her. She pulled out her scepter

and pointed it at the demon. As the words were on her tongue, a six-foot-tall white-skinned demon woman, who had been joyfully singing and dancing down the street, approached. The woman's red tuxedo-jacket with its dark red lapels, and her white dress shirt underneath, moved gracefully behind her.

She could have left Elena alone. She *could* have let her kill this demon. But, she did not. She had already seen enough death and suffering. Something about this woman made her think that she didn't want to kill the demon. Something that reminded her of herself. "Miss, we can solve this a much more peaceful way," she started to say. Those words didn't phase her at all. The words started coming out of her mouth. "Bla," she shouted until Charlie saw her scepter light up. The demon could die. She pushed Elena to the ground, but she couldn't stop her from saying the last two letters: "ze." A blast of energy released from her scepter and caused the nearby building to catch fire.

Almost in a mocking way, the demon snickered at her. "Thanks so much, lady, for saving me from this damn *psycho*." Charlie went into her demon-state, gnashing her teeth at the other demon. She had saved him. Even so, she wouldn't let him insult Elena. That wouldn't be right, not at all. He whimpered and ran away like a dog with its tail between its legs. He never wanted to come back to *this part* of town ever again.

Lying on the ground and feeling exhausted, Elena looked up. She saw this demon woman, whose red irises and light yellow sclera stood out, as did her thick eyelashes, grey eyelids, black lips, and rosy red cheeks. The woman was staring down at her. She thought that this was the end, that she would never see her wife again. She hoped that it would be different. She slumped onto the ground. Charlie knew *this was bad*. Really bad.

"Miss, can you please wake up?" she said. She slapped Elena's cheeks, but there was no response. She looked around carefully. She had to make sure no one was filming her, including that absolute jerk, that nutjob, named Katie Killjoy. If it got out that she was carrying some woman into her hotel it could be a complete scandal. She might have *even more* trouble finding any new patrons, which was still a continual issue. The media would spin it and probably act like she was running a brothel. She grabbed Elena and began carrying her like a princess, running as fast as her red-toed hooves would take her. She would have a *lot* of explaining to do if Vaggie saw her.

She somehow made her way into the hotel and up to her room without *anyone* seeing her. As she opened the door, and laid down Elena onto her bed, she prepared to leave. She hoped she could escape without any issues. Just then, Vaggie, her slim girlfriend, who had a grey bandage over her left eye, a reddish blouse, and fingerless grey opera gloves, appeared. She almost banged into her. Looking inside the room, she saw a *beautiful* woman lying on the bed. Her jealousy began manifesting itself. She was about to blow up on Charlie over this. Her small fangs began to protrude even more from her black lips. Was her girlfriend cheating on her or something? Why would she do this to her?

Charlie put up her hands in surrender. "Okay, you got me, Vaggie. I don't want to hide anything from you. I wanted to ask you what to do about *her*," she said, as she opened the door slightly. However, this wasn't something that this once-angel would put up with. She almost busted down the door. She turned toward Charlie, with palpable anger on her face.

"Charlie, who *the fuck* is this woman? And why the hell is she on your bed, of all places?" To her surprise, her girlfriend began to cry and immediately hugged her. She hadn't expected that. Vaggie hugged her back. She knew she could trust her. Nothing would drive them apart, especially not now.

"So, I...found her when she was about to kill this demon...using some magical weapon...then she suddenly collapsed in the street...I don't know what to do, Vaggie. I think she might be, you know…," she said, between her sobs, which had finally begun to subside. Her partner knew what she was saying. She smelled the woman. She didn't have the odor of some of those odious beings on the surface. Maybe this person was different, somehow. She whispered into Charlie's ear. "human. That's what you were going to say, right?" Her girlfriend nodded. If they knew a human was down there, it could be really, really bad. If Vox, or anyone else learned, they'd likely deem her an "evil human-lover."

Elena slowly opened her eyes. She saw two demon women staring at her. One of them she had seen before. She recalled the long, ankle-length blond hair, with various streaks and highlights of other colors, plus bangs and curls. The other demon was new. Her grayish-white hair stretched all the way to her knees. This was combined with bangs of the same color, plus a red-pink hairbow, and other accessories like a slate-gray eyepatch which covered where her left eye used to be. The demon had lost her eye under circumstances that only Charlie knew about and no one else, not even anyone else in the hotel.

"Where am I?... and... Who are you... all?" she said, unsure if they were people or *demons*, although she was betting on the latter. Charlie and Vaggie looked at each other. Neither one of them knew what to say to her. Even so, they knew they had to come up with something and quickly. Charlie's light yellow sclera, complete with red irises, stared at Elena, through her thick eyelashes and grey eyelids. She looked intensely at Elena, like she was studying her.

"I'm Charlie," she told the queen, greeting her with a big smile. Her rosy red cheeks shined brightly under the light. As the woman continued looking at her, Elena noticed, almost instantly, the woman's animalistic traits. This included her fangs coming out of her mouth, her red-toed hooves, her short snout, and even her black pointy fingernails. At the same time, she felt that this place might be a high class establishment, considering Charlie's tuxedo jacket, which came in shades of red, or her nice dress shirt, bowtie, and dress pants. This was topped off by her heeled saddle shoes and the rest of her outfit.

"Welcome to the Hazbin Hotel, miss," Charlie said. She then bowed. Her girlfriend, who was much slimmer, was none other than a fallen angel. She had small fangs coming out of her mouth, and black lips, along with accessories like fancy gloves and stockings. "Are you a human?" Vaggie asked. Elena wasn't sure how to answer. Charlie tried to make her feel comfortable. She didn't want to put her on the spot. If Elena happened to be human, that would not be good.

"We won't tell anyone if you are," Charlie said, in hopes of calming down the royal. At the same time, her words annoyed her girlfriend as she worried about the possible repercussions for "harboring a human" in the hotel. Elena sighed. She decide to be honest. "I am from the surface world...I came down here to correct a mistake...but that seems impossible to reverse now." She explained how she had gone to IMP, how they told her they couldn't bring anyone

back from the dead, and that a man had been killed. She told them she wasn't sure how in the world she could grapple with the sin of ordering the death of Alva Gunderson, a dictator had decreed, under false pretenses, that Avalor be invaded.

Charlie had done her part, so Vaggie jumped in. "I'm her girlfriend, I'm Vaggie. I'm sorry you went through all that." Elena explained that she had left her wife on the surface, a woman named Naomi Turner, in the grand queendom of Avalor. Neither Vaggie nor Charlie had ever heard of her nor of Avalor. Neither rang a bell. Despite that, they continued to listen to her stories. As time went on, they silently decided on one thing together: it would be better to keep her there than not regardless of the possible consequences for both of them. As for Elena, what came next would be something that would challenge her views, especially, when she learned who Alva truly was as a person...

End Notes

I based the comments said by jerkwad demons in this story upon what some people on social media said, plus some recent bad personal experiences I had. I also included, for inspiration, other fics in which I've featured these demons (Blitzo, Moxxie, Millie, and Loona to be specific). I basically made what happens in The Cognito Files canon to this universe, tying them together, creating the possibility of more spinoffs and connections if I choose to write them. The descriptions of Vaggie and Charlie, on their respective pages, on the Hazbin Hotel fandom wiki were immensely helpful to this story.

Originally I was planning to publish this story on November 19th of last year, since that International Men's Day, which "focuses on men's health, improving gender relations, highlighting male role models, and promoting positive expressions of masculinity." The justification for posting it then was that Elena is trying (and failing) to stop a man from being assassinated. However, this justification seemed spurious. As such, I did not want to tie myself down to one date, so I left it more open.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!